

THE

WEeping CHRISTIAN;

OR THE
Six VICES of MAN.

BEING

The righteous Man's godly Sorrow for
the capital Sins of our present Times;
set forth in Six divine and moral
POEMS, each Poem concluded with
a pious and a religious Exhortation,
very seasonable to be had in all Chris-
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Printed for *Thomas Fergusson*, late a Soldier in the
Thirty-third Regiment of Foot; now Commanded
by the Hon. Lord *Charles Hayes*.

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The WEEPING CHRISTIAN, &c.

MALICIOUS ENVY. xi2

AS in a Glass good Christians you may see,
The World's Deceit, and Sin's Deformity;
Behold in various Shapes they do appear,
Pride, Envy, Malice, cruel Wrath severe.

One Neighbour if he sees another thrive,
'Tis ten to one but strait he will contrive,
Some private Spleen to prove his Overthrow;
This Truth we do by sad Experience know.

Sometimes a foolish Word we may let fall,
Thinking no Kind of Hurt or Harm at all;
But strait comes Malice with a burning Rage,
Then nought but Ruin will his Wrath assuage.

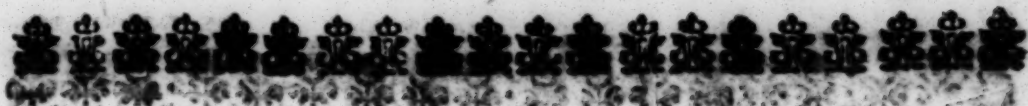
It is a dreadful Thing we needs must say,
That hateful Spleen should bear so great a Sway
Amongst most Men of high and low Degree,
Who are Professors of Christianity.

We are commanded that we should forgive,
Our Fellow Creatures while on Earth we live:
And if that great Command we can't obey,
What will become of us another Day.

How can we hope to find a resting Place,
How can we e'er approach the Throne of Grace,
How can we say our dear Redeemer's Prayer,
How can we hope to find a Pardon there.

So long as we have Malice in our Heart,
Consider this, and chuse the better Part;
Lay hold of Christ, and fly litigious Strife,
So may we hope for everlasting Life.

PRIDE



PRIDE and INSOLENCE.

BEhold the Trains of Sin march up in perfect View,
 With Spleen, Pride, with Fashions fair and new
 Paint, Powder, Patches, and their gaudy Dress,
 Which they admire more than Righteousness.

Fair Madam Pride in gilded Coach does ride,
 Having a running Footman by her Side,
 Consuming many hundred Pounds before
 She'll give one Penny to relieve the Poor.

Her bridled lofty Looks she bears so high,
 That she can seldom see the Poor, for why,
 Because she does not cast her Eyes so low,
 As to behold the Poor in Grief and Woe.

Sometimes Pride slips into the House of Prayer,
 Casting her Eyes about her here and there,
 In search of new gaudy Fashions to espy,
 Then we on her doth cast a pleasing Eye.

While she is looking round in hopes to find,
 The foreign Mode, she does but little mind
 The Word of God which ought to be our Guide;
 A Word, by which one Day we must be try'd.

Behold our Lord who came down from above,
 To manifest the Bowels of his Love;
 In setting poor distressed Sinners free,
 Was the true Pattern of Humility.

Then learn of him, and strive to imitate
 Our blessed Lord, and let your Pride abate;
 Relieve the Poor out of each bounteous Purse,
 For his dear Sake that dy'd for us.

EXCESS

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EXCESS

EXCESS of DRINKING.

Drunkenness next comes reeling after Pride,
Whose greedy Thirst is never satisfy'd,
He has neither Sense nor Reason left,
And at the last he is of both bereft.

Behold it is a sad notorious Sin,
Which makes Way first, then lets a Million in;
For when a Man is in a drunken Fit,
He values not what Sin he does commit.

Behold he is asham'd of nothing then.
He makes himself a Laughing-stock to Men;
Games, swears, lies, hectors, destroys, and kills,
Prepar'd for every Action that is ill.

Sometimes in Drink Strange Quarrels do arise,
Then one or both are made a Sacrifice,
Their Lives end in Blood, make short their Years,
Leaving their Friends to mourn in melting Tears.

Suppose they miss their Fate yet nevertheless,
By the accustomed Sin of Drunkenness,
Many a loving Wife and Children they,
Have been reduc'd to Want and sad Decay.

A sober Life with a religious Fear,
Doth yield both Joy and Comfort to us here;
And what is more when Death is drawing nigh,
The Man has nothing else to do but die.

With serious Thoughts therefore consider this,
Sell not for Drink thine everlasting Bills;
Let not the Pleasures of a quaffing Bowl
Destroy and ruin thy immortal Soul.

NOTORIOUS

NOTORIOUS and vain SWEARING.

THE Sin of Drunkenness has gone before
 And now behold there follows many more.
 The dreadful Swearer with repeated Oaths,
 A Sin which all good pious Persons loaths.

Would it not grieve a pious Christian then,
 To hear the wicked swearing Sons of Men,
 Endeavour to pull heavenly Vengeance down,
 From him that can destroy them with a Frown.

The Tongue of Man was made to glorify,
 The Lord of Life who sits enthron'd on high,
 And for to glorify his holy Name,
 But ho! the wretched Swearer void of Shame.

He turns it to another Use we find,
 Blaspheming God, who suffered for Mankind;
 O soul Ingratitude this is indeed,
 Since for his Love afresh they made him bleed.

Nay some are so accustomed, I declare,
 Unto that Sin, they know not when they swear;
 Rebuke them when they for Damnation call,
 And straight they'll swear they do not swear at all.

O harden'd Sinners are your Consciences fear'd,
 Have you no Life nor Sense, have you not heard,
 That those who in their Sins will live and die,
 May well expect God's Wrath eternally.

Consider this while you have Life and Strength,
 Consider this that Death will call at length;
 Consider that thou hast a Soul to save,
 And that there's no Repentance in the Grave.

LEWD and WANTON LIVING.

Here's one has neither Malice, Spleen, nor Pride,
 A second is with Drink soon satisfied;
 A third he talks demure, and seldom swears,
 Yet ne'ertheless Satan has many Snares.

Thy private Sins may do thee publick Wrong.
 If thou art but accustomed to them long;
 They'll take at length so deep a Root in thee,
 That 'twill be hard to get thy Liberty.

Against our private Sins we ought to pray,
 That all God's great Commands we may obey;
 Not one, nor two, nor three but one in all,
 Or else our Hope of Glory is but small.

Some won't swear, but they'll defraud and lie,
 Some won't be drunk, but they'll cast an ill Eye
 On wanton Women, their familiar Friends,
 These are the Men that pick and cull their Sins.

Lewd Men and Women wonton Sins enjoy,
 Till of themselves, themselves they do destroy;
 He craves, she yields, and never answers no,
 Thus Hand in Hand they to Destruction go.

Some in this Life have suffered for that Sin,
 When under Pains and Tortures they have been;
 But what is worst of all when Death shall call,
 They prove more bitter to thy Soul than Gall.

Now is the Time we should consider this,
 Now is the Time to mend what e'er is amiss,
 Now is the Time, let us for Mercy cry,
 Lest at the Door To-morrow we must die.

Dis-

DISOBEDIENCE to P A R E N T S.

T H E R E is another Sin, yet not the least,
 Nay, what is more of late, it's increas'd
 To the great Grief of Parents in this Land,
 Where Children do in Disobedience stand.

It is a Sin that oftentimes do make,
 Many a loving Father's Heart to ake;
 And Mother's too, when Children will not hear,
 The sound Advice of loving Parents dear.

Who nourish'd them when smiling Babes they were,
 And brought them up with Cost and Care;
 Hoping that they might bless'd Comforts be,
 Still as they grew up to Maturity.

But when a stubborn Daughter, or a Son,
 Will uncontroll'd to wilful Ruin run;
 What greater Grief can any Parent have,
 It brings them down with Sorrow to the Grave.

If any stubborn Children in this Place,
 Have griev'd their Parents thro' the Want of Grace,
 Return with Tears of Sorrow whilst you may,
 As there will come at last a reckoning Day.

They can't expect to go unpunish'd long,
 Who can with stubborn Disobedience wrong
 Their tender Parents, whether rich or poor,
 Consider this, and never grieve them more.

Behold ! a disobedient Son of late,
 He brought his Parents to a low Estate,
 By hunting after Pleasures Night and Day,
 At length upon a dying Bed he lay.

Then did his Sins come fresh into his Mind,
 Then did he cry, alas ! where shall I find
 A Place of Rest, Conscience accuses me,
 No Hope, no Glance of Comfort can I see.

Behold

Behold the Sabbath I have often broke,
 And to my Grief I have as often spoke
 Against all those that pious Lives do lead,
 But now it makes my dying Heart to bleed.

The Pleasures which I liv'd in many Years,
 Are turn'd at length to bitter Sighs and Tears,
 Upon this Bed of Sadness here I lie,
 Denied of Life and yet afraid to die.

I do repent of all that I have done,
 Father forgive, forgive a dying Son,
 And pray to God to pardon me likewise,
 Before the Hand of Death does close mine Eyes.

O that I had in Time your Counsel took,
 O that I had in Time my Sins forsook,
 O that I had but strove my Friends to please,
 Then I had never felt such Grievs as these.

Let all the Sons and Daughters of this Age,
 Read those my Words, no Doubt they will assuage
 The Sin of Disobedience, when they hear,
 What I have felt who griev'd my Parents dear.

Soon after this he turned his Head aside,
 And with a Sigh, and Groan or two he dy'd,
 In his full Strength and Prime of all his Years,
 Leaving his Friends to mourn with weeping Tears.

You Children that have ever griev'd you Friends,
 By wilful stubborn disobedient Sins,
 Return, return, return this very Day,
 With all Humility learn to obey.

Morning and Night take this good Book in Hand,
 The more you read the more you'll Understand,
 The Duty of a Child in each Degree,
 And God above will bless and prosper thee.

F I N I S.

TO